

unarmed, for their long guns, some of them matchlocks, are of no use against the rifles of the Kurds, *nor dare they fire in self-defence.* Travelling is nearly suspended.

A company of people whose needs call them to Urmi dare not run the risk of the journey till they can go down with Mar Gauriel and his large escort. It is evident that the Patriarch and his people hoped for a British protectorate as one result of "the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission," and that they are bitterly disappointed that their condition is growing worse.

"How can we listen to teaching," say some of them, "when we have no rest? How can we believe in God when He lets these things happen to us? The Almighty is deaf, and we cease to pray. Can we hear teaching when the wolf is on us by night and day? If we let go the Cross we might be rich and safe. Night by night we ask, 'Shall we see the morning?' for our oppressors wax fiercer daily."

Mar-----, Bishop of----, mentioned previously as a fugitive from his diocese, is a fine, pleasant-looking middle-aged man, more like a sailor than an ecclesiastic. Late one night, in a whisper, with a trusty watch at the door, he told his story, through *Qasha*, in the following words:

^f I fled, fearing for my life, because many times I had spoken against the oppressions. The Kurds have carried away most of the sheep and goats, besides taking all they wished to have, and they entered through the houses, plundering everything, and burn-ing two in----. Their words are 'give or die.' I

petitioned
Government regarding the oppressions, and
Mohammed Bey came,
and by threat of death he got my seal, and wrote in
my name a
letter, saying it was all false, there were no
oppressions, and he was a
very good man, and he signed it with my seal, and it
went to Stam-
boul. My seal has now been for one year in the
hands of Moham-
med Bey, who has killed about thirty Christians in
Berwar. Three
months ago I fled to save my life.